

Earning My Wings

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Category: How to Train Your Dragon

Genre: Hurt-Comfort, Romance

Language: English

Characters: Cloudjumper, OC

Pairings: Cloudjumper/OC

Status: In-Progress

Published: 2014-07-19 05:38:14

Updated: 2014-07-26 03:32:12

Packaged: 2016-04-26 19:01:38

Rating: T

Chapters: 2

Words: 3,286

Publisher: www.fanfiction.net

Summary: -Starts from his beginning- Cloudjumper has always been different since hatchlinghood. There were times when Cloudjumper never really payed interest in his surroundings and times when he only observed. His cold and refrained nature, also has another side to it. Now, what will he do with a female Stormcutter that's payed attention to him for more than he knows? Cloudjumper/OC

1. Chapter 1

**I am so happy to start making a story on Cloudjumper! He is just such a great character, all noble and such. He's such a complex character, and my second favorite dragon, Toothless hold the first spot. I still love Cloudjumper, though. I had to find a good way to explain his personality, so here it is. **

**Surprisingly, there aren't many stories on him, so I'm going to start one. This is taking place to when Cloudjumper is only a little hatchling. Eventually it will go to the present; after HTTYD 2. **

I'm not doing a lot of detail like his P.O.V on the second movie, but I'm simply explaining. So, here's me going out of my bubble to write something new. Lets see how long I can make this. I don't expect this to be amazingly long, but who knows, inspiration always seems to hit me at weird times.

I also thank a user from Tumblr, kozmotisblack for letting me use some of her ideas for this story.

**Yes, eventually this will be Cloudjumper/OC. You'll all see what happens. That character comes later on. **

**Disclaimer: I do not own How to Train Your Dragon 2 nor any of it's characters. **

* * *

><p>Cloudjumper

Eyes were completely closed as the little hatchling struggled to break free. The hatchling shook and thrashed with all it's might, and soon, it began heating up drastically. The tight space that surrounded the little hatchling, began to crack. Finally breaking free, the tight space suddenly seemed to expand greatly. Pieces flew everywhere, and the tight space was replaced by a slippery thick substance.

It was a liberating feeling for the newly hatched dragon.

The little hatchling was finally able to opened its eyes, and soon found its way swimming towards the light above. The light body the dragon possessed, helped it float, no swimming necessary. As soon as it had reached the surface, the aching pain in its small lungs began to fade away.

The hatchling crawled up, slapping one of its tiny wings on the ground. Greedily taking up air, the little hatchling's heart soon began to beat at a more normal rate.

The little dragon suddenly felt ecstatic, loving the new feeling of the outside world. The little hatchling took another step forward, using on of its wings to support his body. Unfortunately, not being well balanced, the hatchling's wings slipped and its muzzle suddenly hit the ground.

The little hatchling's golden eyes dilated, and he began to whimper and sob at the sudden pain that attacked him. The little hatchling's soft sounds was enough to get attention from any dragon around him.

Immediately, a female Stormcutter came the the hatchling's aid. The female looked down at the sobbing hatchling and began to wrap all four of her wings around him. She released a loud purr from her throat to soothe her offspring.

The little hatchling stopped, and focused his curious eyes on the larger dragon above him. The female Stormcutter, fixed his position so how wasn't laying on his muzzle, rather close to her warm body. Still sniffing, and hiccuping the young dragon calmed down.

The little Stormcutter instinctively recognized this as his mother. The mother saw this and gave her offspring a gentle, loving look. She soon leaned down to the little Stormcutter, and carefully licked his tears away. The mother Stormcutter was very cautious in not flipping over the tiny dragon as she licked him clean.

The little dragon squeakily purred at his mother. His mother rumbled with amusement. His golden eyes looked into his mother's green ones. Both stared intently at each other. He could see and smell the love that flourished around his mother, as both mother and offspring already began to form a special bond. He stayed in the comfortable position, feeling protected in his mother's embrace.

This didn't last for long, for the hatchling began to get bold enough

to climb out of the fortress his mother's wings created. The female Stormcutter did not remove her wings; she found great interest in her hatchling as he attempted to get over the large set of wings.

Once he finally climbed out, he took cautious moves, careful not to fall again. Taking his time, the hatchling slowly walked in a circle. Feeling like he was getting the hang of it, he jumped up, his joy once again filling him.

He chirped loudly with excitement at his new accomplishment. The little Stormcutter chirped to his mother. His mother cocked her head, and the little hatchling began walking and showing-off his new skills.

His mother beamed at him, gushing with pride. This seemed to fill the hatchling with absolute warmth for his mother. He jumped up to her, wanting to embrace her as well, but ended up tripping once more. Luckily, his mother was there to catch him. This made the little dragon very happy as he smiled.

The little Stormcutter wrapped his own tiny wings around her large ones, and pressed his muzzle on the wing that had caught him. He rubbed up against it and purred loudly. His mother couldn't help but feel an intense love for her first youngling. Even if he just hatched, she had felt something new inside of her.

"Come, little one," she motioned. The young Stormcutter seemed to understand what his mother said to him, but couldn't respond himself. Every time he opened his mouth to talk, only chirps would come out. Nonetheless, he obeyed his mother and neared her.

She opened her mouth, and regurgitated soft chewed fish. He looked at it, and sniffed the new substance with interest. His stomach gurgled at the wonderful aroma. His mother pushed him towards it.

Once the hatchling had a slight taste of it, he eagerly began to consume the food his parent had given him. Now having a full belly, the hatchling felt very content. He looked up at his mother and saw that she appeared very alert of their surroundings.

They were the only dragons around, and the female had been on edge on staying, knowing that there were rogue dragons.

The little new born noticed that his mother looked worried. She was laying on her side, but her head was looking in another direction. Her frills constantly expanded at every small noise.

He also noticed she didn't eat. Looking down at the pile his mother had spilled, the small dragon picked up one of the fishes with his mouth.

The young Stormcutter began to climb up his mother's tail, and up to her side. He constantly slipped and stumbled, but when he finally managed to reach his mother's head, he gave it a soft nudge. When she didn't turn his way, he nudged her harder.

When his mother turned, she melted into a smile when she was that it was only her offspring. Her youngling reached out to her with a fish in his mouth. The older female looked at him puzzled. He held out the fish so she could take it.

Slightly giggling, his mouth took the fish, and beamed at him with gratitude. He gave her soft licks, feeling that he should comfort her. His mother welcomed them and didn't complain.

Once he was finished, the little Stormcutter looked at her with his large eyes, wondering what made her like this. He blinked owlshly. He wanted her to be happy. He wanted his mother to continue to have the same wonderful smell of love she previously had.

He whimpered to her. His mother only shushed him, and grabbed the scruff behind his neck and set him down in her wings again. Her soft purrs were enough to make him drowsy.

"Sleep my little one.. Sleep my little Cloudjumper," she cooed. Soon, the little Stormcutter fell into a deep sleep, feeling safe next to his mother. It was that moment that he knew that his name would be, Cloudjumper.

* * *

><p>Yes, I felt like writing this. I don't know why, but this was my first idea. I also wanted an excuse to write some fluff. This first chapter is a Prologue, I guess you can say. I'm not sure.</p>

**I also wanted to explain where Cloudjumper came from, and show who parented him in the beginning. **

**Well, if you all like it, I will gladly continue. **

2. Chapter 2

**Thank you so much for those who have reviewed to my story. I'm just improvising and seeing what I can come up with and you guys are being nice about it. Thank you for your kind reviews. **

I would also like to thank very the artist of the beautiful new story cover!

Snowfire1996

**And the person that let me borrow her ideas.
**

kozmotisblack

Thank you so much! I love it!

**Lets see what I come up with next. **

* * *

><p>Cloudjumper began to awaken. He could feel the faint push. Slowly opening his large eyes, he yawned.<p>

When he was more or less awake, he wearily lifted his head. Cloudjumper saw that is was only his mother who was disturbing his sleep.

The little hatchling perked up, forgetting his previous slumber.

He chirped to his mother non-stop, feeling elated that she had kept by him. His mother purred in return. Cloudjumper jumped up and stumbled to get closer his mother's thick scales.

He rubbed his head against them. When Cloudjumper saw his mother's docile eyes turn away, the little hatchling frowned. He wanted to be noticed. He wanted to turn her green eyes and smile at him proudly. He whimpered to get her attention.

Before his mother turned to care to her offspring, she thoroughly eyed their surroundings. She would be more careful this time.

The young mother only had Cloudjumper's egg hatch. The others eggs she laid, died with their father.

She was currently in an area infested with dragons and humans. If she wasn't careful enough, she would lose Cloudjumper too.

Her mate had died for them, but was only able to save one of their offspring. She would be Cloudjumper's only parent and help him progress in life. It wasn't an easy thing to do; to leave her mate. It was either him or the egg. Her mate had made her choose the egg.

She couldn't hide the deep sadness in losing her life-mate. She loved him. Both Stormcutter's had taken delicate care in handling the eggs. The eggs were completely conceived with love.

Unfortunately, their cautious care had been put in vain when a pack of dragons (serving a specific dragon called... Death) had ambushed both mates and the eggs.

They could have easily defended themselves, but with the eggs, the other dragons seemed to take the advantage.

Her thoughts were interrupted again by a whimper.

The mother turned her head to see frowning little hatchling. She smiled, a façade overcoming her features.

Cloudjumper didn't seem satisfied with that. He couldn't smell the perfume of her happiness like he previously had. Cloudjumper ran over to his mother's chest and began to cuddle against it. The female Stormcutter's façade wore away, being replaced with a sincere smile.

She loved her little Cloudjumper. Even though he was the only egg that survived, she could tell that Cloudjumper was definitely not a runt.

Cloudjumper was not a frail small hatchling, and even from when he first hatched, he had seemed vigorous to get a glimpse of the world.

She nuzzled herself with his small stomach. A small giggle erupted from Cloudjumper.

"Come Cloudjumper, we must go." his mother spoke. The small Stormcutter curiously eyed his mother. She lowered her head, and he instinctively knew to come closer.

He inspected her neck, very interested in the light peach color her thick scales were. When Cloudjumper had found a spot behind her large frills, he had curled around there.

He was a small hatchling compared to an adult, granted they are were, but at least the little ones were travel size. The female Stormcutter was going to be able to take him places before he was able to fly.

Cloudjumper didn't know what the small flaps on his back were for, so he didn't pay them mind. Besides, he was comfortable with riding with his mother.

"Hold on tight, little one." his mother spoke. Cloudjumper did so, but he couldn't hide his small squeak of surprise when his mother jumped up in the air.

He could feel her beating her four wings, and the sudden brisk of air that hit him. It was a new exhilarating feeling, being lifted off the ground.

Cloudjumper was safe in the protection of his mothers frills, but could not hide his excitement for seeing his mother use her wings in such a wondrous action. He questioned how the flaps of scales were able to hold someone in the air like they did.

Wanting to get more of the feeling, he stuck his head from behind his mother's frills. He squeaked with excitement as they passed through the white fog in the sky.

His mother noticed that the little hatchling was overstepping his boundaries.

She softly growled at him in warning. Cloudjumper turned his head at the threatening sound, and backed in to the larger Stormcutter's frills.

For the rest of the flight, Cloudjumper choose not to upset his parent, so he stayed in his spot.

When both Stormcutter's landed, his mother produced a soft sound. Cloudjumper slowly walked out, having the two wings in front he used to walk, feel heavier. He stumbled on to his mother's scales.

The female Stormcutter turned her head completely around, and carefully grabbed Cloudjumper with her mouth.

The hatchling let himself be carried.

When he was set on the ground, he noticed that it felt different than the ground he was previously on. It was soft and fuzzy, in contrast to the ruff rugged ground. He let himself fall on to the soft surface. Cloudjumper saw that it didn't hurt him.

He purred and chirped happily.

His mother returned, and carried him again. Cloudjumper whined at having his grass taken away.

The older Stormcutter placed Cloudjumper under a shelter that was only big enough for him.

"Stay, little one. I will be back with food," she said. Normally, she would be the one to guard the offspring and her mate would go and hunt, but she realized that if she didn't hunt, Cloudjumper would starve.

Cloudjumper tried to respond with his own words, but he found it a very difficult task when all the came out were chirps.

He growled to himself.

His mother giggled at the upset hatchling. She gave him one last lick before she disappeared.

Cloudjumper did know what 'food' was, but he guessed that it was probably the thing he had eaten the day before.

He obeyed his mother's orders and stayed. A disadvantage he found was that there was no sun in his small shelter, and he was not able to see the marvelous sky.

Cloudjumper wanted to see the white fluffy things that made the sky so vibrant.

Once he stepped out of his shelter, he was greeted by the sun's rays. Forgetting his mother's orders, Cloudjumper jumped around, trying to leap up in the air like he'd seen his mother do.

Each time he was rewarded with a muzzle full of grass.

Cloudjumper stood up, and shook it off him. How was his mother able to stay in the air?

Then, he understood. She did it with her the flaps on her back.

Cloudjumper twisted his head around completely, like he's seen his mother do. He looked at the flaps on his back. They were no where near, as large as his mother's.

Yet, Cloudjumper somehow felt accomplished in having them.

In fact, he had four of them!

The little hatchling used his muscles to wiggle them. They moved on his command. He jumped and chirped with excitement.

Cloudjumper kept his attention focused on his peach colored wings. Would he be able to use them just as good as his mother?

He admired the little stubs on his back. A sense of pride overcame the hatchling. He flapped them up and down. They worked to his command. His large dilated eyes showed off his joy. He let out a squeak, equivalent to a laugh.

His stomach suddenly growled, making him jump.

His attention was now turned to the sound that was erupting from his belly.

Hunger was now beginning to become a problem for the little hatchling. It felt like something was burning inside of him. His stomach quenched and he let out a small whine.

Cloudjumper decided that he could find some 'food' too.

He began walking away from his pervious shelter. He was very hungry, and fueled by his arrogance. Cloudjumper's nose sniffed the aroma around of him, to see if he could find anything edible.

The farther he walked, the taller the grass began to get. Little Cloudjumper was too busy messing with his nose to tell.

The young Stormcutter finally stopped when a new scent filled his nostrils.

He squeaked in interest. The inquisitive hatchling couldn't help but want to know what it was.

He continued on his quest. Cloudjumpet stopped when a paw appeared with the same kind of talons he possessed. Only these talons were much bigger than his.

Not sensing the potential danger, Cloudjumper placed his wing on them. The talons suddenly moved, and they scraped his thin scales.

Cloudjumper jumped back in surprise. He began to feel a sudden sting in his shoulder.

Tears began to form, but before they fell, the frightened hatchling turned completely around, and began to run back.

Cloudjumper began to shake from the scare he had received, and he anxiously ran back to the shelter his mother told him to stay in. The small Stormcutter frantically ran, afraid that the talon would return.

When he finally made it to safety, he couldn't help but shiver uncontrollably. He curled his wings to himself and his frills drooped.

Cloudjumper spent time in this state, curled in small tight ball, before there was a new noise. His eyes narrowed into slits as his breathe hitched.

It wasn't until a familiar purring sound entered his ears that he scurried out.

Cloudjumper nearly jumped on his mother.

His mother saw that her little Cloudjumper was not well. She frowned.

He was cold and shivering, not to mention he had the faint scent of

blood.

She let out a more soothing purr, and used her wing to pull him to her. Once Cloudjumper snuggled to her side, he began letting out soft sobs.

His mother lowered her head and licked away the faint blood on his shoulder. Her warm tongue rasped on his cold shivering body, and she used her wings to shield him.

Cloudjumper had stopped sobbing, and looked at his mother apologetically. She sighed, and licked away his salty tears.

The female looked at Cloudjumper sternly.

The little hatchling recoiled, not wanting his mother bear this angry emotion to him. He knew she was not pleased.

That day, Cloudjumper learned to obey and never question commands from those who knew more.

* * *

><p>Please excuse the lateness of this chapter. It took a while. Cloudjumper is very interesting to write as a little hatchling.

**Things will happen, good and bad, and perhaps you'll see how he ended up living with the Bewilderbeast. **

End
file.